

DRUNK AND INCAPABLE

It was the November fair. The town of R... in one of the Manster counties, was noted, some twenty-five, or thirty years ago, and indeed still is, for the size and attendance of its cattle fairs. It was a bright, brisk, frosty day. The town had been filled, long before day broke in the eastern sky, with every variety of beast and man. Sheep lined the foot-paths of the town, huddled closely by the shop walls, and spent their time looking stolidly at the tweeds and fancy millinery of one shop and the porter barrels and whiskey of another, or the bull's eyes, tobacco rolls, and perhaps children's dolls, hair oil or perfumes, in a third. The stronger cattle, stall-fed beef, cows, Kerry calves, held possession of the main street, all the approach of the streets and lanes of the town, thronging them to encirclement. On the fair hills were gathered horses and donkeys of every age, shape, blood or degree of activity and stupidity that four-footed beasts may fairly lay claim to. In a quarter of their own, the vagrant tribe, yelet, tinkers, or their damaged horses and emphasized their assertions by gesticulation or oath, or jargon, or technical slang, all their own. Watching them from a respectful distance, captivated by their strange habits and the number of their women and children congregated in carts, with all their household goods about them, but fearing to approach nearer, stood a lad of ten or twelve years of age, absorbed in the curious scene before him. The boy had stolen away for a short while from beside his father, whom you will come with me. I will point out to you in the fair below, in the market square of the town, standing beside a cartload of young pigs he has for sale. Dull and uninviting surroundings these, you will say; nevertheless we will go on a moment to picture still further. The square is full of carts, and each cart is full of squeaking young pigs. The pig fair, when the heavy pigs were sold; to-day is the great day for the purchase or sale of the young ones "to fill the vacant places." The small, flesh colored squeakers are patted on the back, carefully moved over or hither, stroked down, soothed and petted; and if you want to know why, and if you are money makers, and they are not entirely wrong. Cast your eye around that vast throng of people from the smartly got-up gentlemen going into the hotel yonder, to the poor worn-out ballad-seller with the short foot, who leans on his crutch, and calls over his shoulder to make a penny for his evening meal; from that vendor of old clothes, who from his perch exhibits his wares, calls out their prices, and proves to the dullest intellect there that everything is dog cheap (thereby earning his little of Shan Shan, or cheap jack, to the brave burly farmer in his heavy overcoat of fritz, that has disposed of his score of soft fat bullocks. Look at that multitude of human beings. Each man there, I ween, has a history of his own. Where did all these sleep last night? Where did they eat their dinner yesterday? What did they do last week? What are they thinking now? Here is a man, small and slight and quiet, standing beside his rail of "slips" (i.e. young pigs); he is father to the little boy watching with curious eyes the motley crowd on the fair hill; that man smiles at those who come near, he puts questions or makes replies, likely and gaily; he seems as any other little to trouble his heart there is a tale. Oh! The wintry sun has faded. Those who look up to the sky see signs of a thaw; clouds are gathering around the horizon, and the wind has veered to south. The lamps are just lighting along the streets, and through every avenue approach to the town below cold, gusty draughts, preassing rain. "Are you going home now, father?" said the boy. "We are, my child."

THE INDIANS' FRIEND.

Charles F. Lummis, the well known historian and editor of The Land of Sunshine, delivered a most interesting address on "Indian Education" recently before the Newman Club, of Los Angeles, Cal. Mr. Lummis is not a Catholic. "I have known a great many Indians of a great many tribes and countries," said Mr. Lummis. I have never known a Protestant Indian. I have known several that thought they were Protestants, but never knew one that really was. That Indian system which the Catholic Church and the Spanish Government administered over two-thirds of America for three and a half centuries the root of that Indian was a human being, born of woman and loved by his mother; that he had a father and tended to love him. I would like to be a father to a child, just long enough to compel every American and every bigot to read the Spanish laws formulated for the treatment of the Indians—Las Leyes de Indios. No other nation in the world—and I am willing to stake my reputation on the statement—put into force laws so noble, so far sighted, so humane as those formulated by the Crown of Spain, with Church assistance, and carried out by the official and clerical administrators. "Where are our millions of Indians? There are about 200,000 left now in the United States, and the great majority of those are left because they happen to be in the areas that the Spanish Government and the Catholic Church controlled until 1848. It is a proved fact, that take Spanish America all together, the Indian is as numerous there now as in 1520. A reason why these Indians are alive to day is that the missionaries who converted and educated them were Men, with a large heart. They were among them all the time, and came in contact with the whole people as well as with the children, and uplifted all of them together. You doubtless know for something like a dozen years there has been a great cry raised in regard to 'sectarian education' of Indians. In plain language, the fight has been to wipe out the Catholic contract Indian schools. If it is fair to leave out the Presbyterians and Methodists, it is also fair to leave out the Catholics; said the sly politician. The simple fact that there are one or two Methodist schools and five or six Presbyterian, and fifty Catholic, does not cut any figure, of course! I am opposed to this campaign against Catholic schools, not because they are Catholic, but because they are good schools—the only ones I know of that are doing the Indians lasting good. I have not known a child from a Catholic school who had forgotten his parents or his language. I have not known any of the girls that have gone wrong in the Indian towns who have come from a Catholic school. Not one! But I have known many a girl from Carlisle and other government schools. If there is anything in the world, though not a Catholic, that I admire, it is a Sister of Charity. And it seems to me that any American, not to say any Catholic American, could not better employ part of his money than in aiding the support of the Indian schools conducted by these noble and unselfish women, now frowned upon and even actively antagonized by the partisan employees of the government Indian service.

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY OLLA PODRIDA.

The Protestant Missionary Board find themselves face to face with a difficult problem in reference to the Philippine Islands. Says the Christian Advocate (Methodist): "A scheme is proposed to establish an Evangelical Church, so as to avoid the confusion of denominations and present one open and unequivocal substitute for Roman Catholicism, to be adapted to meet the wants of those who are dissatisfied with that body. This should be watched with considerable care by our representatives. No wave of enthusiasm, but the exercise of deliberate judgment is called for in discussing a proposition of permanent character. If one Evangelical Church, so-called, departs from sound doctrine, another will have to be started, and Methodism should certainly not affiliate with any body constructed on the jelly-fish principle, or with such vague statements of doctrine that persons could belong to it and hold almost any view of the main subject implied in the statement." The missionaries of the several conflicting evangelical sects do not practice their common Protestant rule of faith. Instead of handing the Filipino a Bible and letting him judge for himself, the Methodist missionary teaches him Methodism out of it and assures him that it is in it. The Presbyterian missionary tells him that Methodism is in it, and the Baptist missionary tells him that neither Methodism nor Presbyterianism, but Baptistism is in it. The intelligent Filipino is very naturally puzzled, and, if he take them seriously, scandalized at their contradictions. He says: "Gentlemen, this book which you are all so eager to give me must be a very curious book indeed, seeing that you do not agree on what it says. Had you not better take it away and yourselves with it and try to agree on what it says before you come here to muddle my poor head with your disputes about what it means?" Now it is to meet this mental attitude of the Filipino and to avoid scandalizing him that it has been proposed to concoct a church—a la coker book—composed of ingredients carefully selected from the doctrinal cupboards of the various sects. For instance, equal parts of Methodism, Presbyterianism, Episcopalianism boiled down to a delicate jelly in a gallon of Baptistism, with a pinch of Eddyism, spiritism, Seventh Dayism, Old two seed-in-the-spirit, Predestinationism, Mormonism, Lutheran and Limburger cheese each, as condiment. This mess presented to the Filipino as the United Church of the holy olla podrida might prove an irresistible temptation if it would only stay on his uneducated and unexperienced stomach and not give him the appendicitis. It would impress him with the idea of its beautiful unity, its multum in parvo, and when him by degrees from his accustomed more plain and less diversified Catholic ailment. If we mistake not it is to Prof. Schurman, president of Cornell University, an unofficial philosopher and friend of the Administration, that this intervention in the missionary doctrinal culinary art of right belongs. And no one should dare to rob him of the title of the first herophant of the church of the holy olla podrida, the "unequivocal substitute for the Roman Catholic Church."—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A most pathetic occurrence took place here on Tuesday evening last, writes the Bathurst correspondent of the Freeman's Journal, of Sydney, N. S. W. Four little boys, named W. Davies fourteen, Morris twelve, W. Elliott thirteen, and Davies twelve, went out rabbit shooting with a pea rifle. The eldest of them, Willie Davies, fired at a rabbit and missed it. He reloaded and handed the rifle to the boy Elliott to hold while he got a few more bullets from his pocket. The boy Elliott, not knowing the rifle was loaded, pointed it at Davies and touched the trigger, with the result that the ball lodged in the chest of Davies and mortally wounded him. He ran about thirty yards with his hand on his heart, saying, "You've shot me." The boy Morris, twelve years of age, followed him and asked him to say an act of contrition, which poor Willie did, asking Morris to help him to pray. He then asked his brother to kiss him, and to kiss his father and mother for him, and expired in the arms of Morris. How very sad and yet how beautiful to see these little boys in a skeptical age like this helping their little friend to meet his God! The religion of the Catholic Church was shown here in its true colors. When the case came before the Coroner, Mr. O'Neill, the gentleman was visibly affected at hearing the boys' story. During an experience of twenty-three years on the bench, never before, he said, did such a pathetic scene come before him. He highly praised the boy Morris for his Christian act in directing the dying boy's thoughts to the Almighty. Was a grand and consoling thing to find boys so young knowing their duty so well. The Christian education the must have received was highly to be commended. When the account of the occurrence was seen in the papers many an eye was dimmed. It was a touching beyond description. The Rev. Father McKenna spoke a few words about the sad event at the children's Mass on Sunday, and there was scarcely a dry eye in the church. He pointed out the beautiful teaching of the Catholic schools, and the necessity for everybody to be prepared to meet their Creator, and ways to be in good company, and asked the children to pray for the little boy who was so suddenly called away. The boys were pupils at the Patrick Brothers' schools. Davies and Morris were also altar boys. All the altar boys from the school attended a funeral, marching in procession order.

THE CARE OF CHURCHES.

The Bishop of Fonce, Italy, has sent out to the priests of his diocese the following circular: "1.—In all the Churches immediately after feast days on which there have been very large congregations, floors must be disinfected by means of wood sawdust soaked in one tenth per cent. solution of corrosive sublimate. On ordinary days they must be frequently swept, after sprinkling with water so as to rise no dust. "2.—Every week, and even often the pews and confessionals must be cleaned with sponges and cloths moistened with pure water. "3.—Every week and often, necessary, the grille of the confessionals are to be washed and polished. "4.—The holy water receptacles must be emptied every week, often, if necessary, and washed with hot water or a solution of corrosive sublimate. "That the provisions of the circular may be carried out, the Bishop has entrusted a service of inspection, requires the payment of fines into

THE MISTAKE OF PROTESTANTISM.

It may be doubted whether the emphasis which has been placed upon the right of private judgment expresses a sound principle. In no kind of social organization are rights or liberties the primary concern. A family in which it is the first business of every member to assert his own rights, or to magnify his liberty, will not be a united and happy family. In the organic relations of the family, love and duty are fundamental—not rights and liberties. We may awake, by-and-by, to the fact that the same thing is true of the State. The attempt to base a commonwealth upon the doctrine of rights will probably result in social disintegration. A community in which it is the first business of every citizen to assert his own rights will not continue to be peaceful and prosperous. The social and political disorders which threaten the life of the nation all spring from the fact that the people have been trained to think more of rights than of duties. By misplacing the emphasis in the same way, Protestantism has introduced into its own life a disintegrating element. Neither the right of private judgment, nor any other right, can be safely asserted as the foundation of the Christian Church. The foundation of the Church is loyalty to Christ, and His Kingdom, all rights to be held and interpreted under that obligation. The failure to do this—the assertion of the individual will as against the common welfare—has rent the Church into fragments and multiplied creeds and organizations far beyond all the needs of varying tastes and intellects. This is the appropriation of Protestantism; its power is lessened and its life is marred by these needless divisions and by the unlovely competitions that spring from them.—Washington Gladden, D. D., in the North American Review.

CURES AT STE. ANNES.

It is claimed that four cures of the blind and the crippled were effected by miraculous intervention at Ste. Anne de Beaupre on Sunday last. Singularly enough that day reached about the high water mark of the numbers who worship at the shrine, on pilgrimage bent. There were six distinct pilgrimages from the West and South, and the assembled multitude numbered not less than 11,000 people. One of the persons cured was a resident of St. Johns, one of Ottawa, and two of Quebec or neighborhood. The pilgrimages who visited the shrine on this occasion were those of Rev. Father Decare, of St. Henry; Rev. Father Plante, of St. Edward de Naperville; Rev. Father Duhamel, of St. Hyacinthe; one from Ottawa and two from Quebec City and neighborhood. The announcement of these cures was made immediately after the celebration of High Mass at 10 o'clock, and the persons cured walked in front of the procession both inside and outside the Church.—Montreal Herald, July 11. Protestant Tribute to a Priest. A number of prominent citizens of Toledo, O., believing that Rev. Edward Hannin, a Catholic priest of that city, had overworked himself in the interests of his parish in the erection of a new Church, quietly collected among themselves over \$1,000, and tendered it to defray his expenses on a health trip abroad. Father Hannin declined the offer on the ground that he cannot this year sever himself from the parish interests. Sore Throat and Hoarseness. With their attendant dangers may be speedily averted and remedied by the use of Pol-y-nervine. Excellent to gargle with, and ten times better than a mustard plaster, more convenient for the outside, Nervine penetrates the tissues instantly, soothes the pain, always inflammation, and cures more than a hundred ailments, such as a sore throat and hoarseness simply because that's what it is made for. The large 25 cent bottle of Nervine is unexcelled as a household liniment. It cures everything.